

## FOREWORD

The Sikhs have made a remarkable history, but most of its writers have been less than fair in recording, let alone evaluating, its achievements. Driven by their peculiar interests and biases, for and against, they have generally proved unequal to the requirements of the craft of history. The Namdharis, of course, have suffered the most at the hands of such 'historians'.

The Namdharis, under the inspired guidance of Satguru Ram Singh Ji, were a powerful voice against the alien rule. As harbingers of the Freedom Struggle, they considered no cost too high to rid the country of the unjust foreigners' yoke.

They strove ever so hard to bring about reformatory and fundamental changes in the religious and social practices of the Panjabi people. Very few historians have succeeded in putting the accomplishments of this movement in perspective. Giani Gian Singh belongs to this rare breed of historians.

Giani Gian Singh belonged to the Nirmal Sect of the Sikhs, whose members are especially known for their vast erudition, intellectual depth and thorough knowledgeability in Sikh Scriptures. Notwithstanding his unshakeable allegiance to his Sect, he was, in his writings, happily free from prejudices towards others. He was meticulous, objective and just in evaluating the Nihangs and the Namdharis, in his magnum opus, *Sri Guru Panth Parkash*. He has drawn a fairly correct picture of the political nuances of the Kuka Movement, particularly its endeavours towards the restoration of the Sikh Rule. And, he minced no words to condemn the corrupt Sikh priests who obstructed the entry of Satguru Ram Singh Ji and his dedicated followers to the various Sikh shrines.

He composed no more than twenty-eight Kabits (Quatrains) to draw the salient features of the eventful

history of the Namdharis. He was both brief and authentic. Being himself an eye witness to some of the major events and incidents of the Movement, he was in a position to make definitive and authoritative statements. His writings are both commendable works of history as also its reliable source material. He was particularly endowed with an uncanny perception of the Sikh ethos. No wonder, he while recording the martyrdoms of Banda Bahadur and his associates was able to spontaneously link them to the Namdharis who. On the fateful days of the 17th-18th January, 1872, inspired by an intense desire to throw off the alien yoke, had rushed to the cannons as moths flying to the flames. Giani Ji took particular note of the social and religious aspects of Satguru Ram Singh Ji's message and designated that period of Sikh history as its Golden Age.

Based on reliable facts and objective analysis, Giani Gian Singh's portrayal of Namdhari history can help solve some of the enigmas created by the historians with scant regard for objectivity. Unfortunately, contemporary Punjabi readers are being gradually distanced from Braja Bhasa which Giani Ji had adopted for his writings. This is particularly true of those schooled in English. For their benefit, Dr. Harbhajan Singh has prepared an English rendering of Giani Ji's twenty- eight Kabits bearing on Namdhari history. I have gone through the whole typescript in one sitting and have found it eminently readable.

Years Back I happened to meet Dr. Harbhajan Singh for the first time at a Music Festival at Delhi organised by Satguru Jagjit Singh Ji, in commemoration of Satguru Pratap Singh Ji. During a brief conversation, I found him a man of mild manners and scholarly bearing. He required both of these in ample measure to prepare this version in which the beauty of Giani Gian Singh Ji's original text came neatly through. With his vast knowledge of Sanskrit, Braja Bhasa and Punjabi, Dr.

Harbhajan Singh was well-equipped to get the measure of Giani Ji's greatness and render it into features acceptable to the contemporary readers. Words fail me to express my gratitude towards him for taking up this arduous job on my request.

I hope readers will find it useful and interesting.

MAHARAJ BIR SINGH

## INTRODUCTION

I came into contact with Giani Gian Singh's writings in the most formative years of my life. Those were the times when the Sikhs were being aggressively conscious of the need to know and protect the salient features of the identity their forefathers had struggled over centuries to evolve and give a definite shape to. I would eagerly lap up such facts and interpretations of its medieval and modern history as would help me understand the meaning of my being and belonging. Giani Gian Singh's *Twarikh Khalsa* and *Sri Guru Panth Parkash* were the two books that, by some happy chance, I ran into and found to be immensely relevant to the questionings that tormented me. The two books were the proud possession of an old man two generations senior to me. He had the vision of a sage and would repeatedly talk of a future moulded by historical consciousness generated by these writings, themselves works of historic importance. The two persons he talked of with particular veneration were Karam Singh Historian and Giani Gian Singh. He would recite chapters from *Sri Guru Panth Parkash* to a dozen odd persons and offer his own comments to facilitate the flow of communication. I was a regular, though uninvited and uninitiated, member of his select audience. Later, I would stealthily lay hands on this treasure of his library kept, of course, under lock and key, and avidly glance through its pages. Its contents introduced me to the glorious vistas of our heritage. I felt drawn towards it in spite of the not-so-familiar feature of its diction and style. It seemed I had acquired an authentic feel of the enormity of the stresses and strains our people had passed through and the trails they had blazed. I felt like sharing, in full measure, the pride that rightly belonged to the community of which I was but a small member.

When I was called upon, through the courtesy of Maharaj Bir Singh Ji, to translate one of its chapters into English, I felt invited, as if, to a refresher course on an earlier discipline of Sikh Identity. I readily accepted the charge made on me. In fact, the affection accompanying the call had so overwhelmed me that I dared not but respond positively. The chapter on the Kukas in Sri Guru Panth Prakash is a balanced mix of objectivity and affectivity. I have, while preparing an English version of this chapter, adopted Giani Ji's own model of history. I have kept as close to the original text as was humanly possible. And, while engaged in this exercise, I have been inspired in so small measure, by the ideas of piety and selfless service practised by my friends among the Kukas.

I Hope those who cherish the principles and practices of the Kuka brethren and their gurus will find this small endeavour of some use to them.

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ਸ੍ਰੀ ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ ਸਹਾਇ  
ਕਬਿੱਤ । ਗਿਆਨੀ ਗਿਆਨ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ

EK ON KAR

SIRI SATGURU RAM SINGH JI SAHEY

Giani Gian Singh Ji's 28 Kabit

Translated by Dr. Harbhajan Singh Ji.

ਪੰਥ ਖਾਲਸੇ ਮੈਂ ਏਕ ਸ਼ਾਖ ਕੂਕੇ ਸਿੰਘਨ ਕੀ, ਤੀਸਕ ਬਰਸ ਤੈ ਜੋ ਬਿਦਤੇ ਮਹਾਨ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਸ਼ਬਦ ਕੀ ਮਸਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਹਾਲ ਤੇ ਬਿਹਾਲ ਹੋਇ, ਸਿਰ ਤੈ ਉਤਰ ਜਾਤ ਦਸਤਾਰ ਤਾਨ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਸਹੀ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਮਧਾਰੀ ਆਹਿ ਤਿਨ ਕਾ ਉਦਾਰੀ, ਕੂਕ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਤੈ ਕੂਕੇ ਜਗਤ ਬਖਾਨ ਹੈ ।  
ਏਕ ਦਸਤਾਰ ਕੇ ਉਤਾਰ ਬਿਨੁ ਔਰ ਰੀਤਿ, ਚਾਹੀਯਤ ਜੈਸੀ ਤੈਸੀ ਤਿਨ ਮੈਂ ਪ੍ਰਧਾਨ ਹੈ ।੧।

The Kukas, a branch of the Khalsa Panth, have shot into prominence during the last thirty years or so.

In the ecstasy of the Sabad, they are rapturously forgetful of themselves, oblivious of their headgears falling off.

They are precisely and eminently designated as Namdharis, though because of their loud cries, they are commonly known as Kukas.

Except for their turbans falling off, they remain well within the approved tradition.

ਭਏ ਕੂਕੇ ਜੈਸ ਅਬਿ ਸੁਨ ਲੇਹੁ ਤੈਸ ਸਭਿ, ਰਾਜ ਸਿੰਘ ਬੈਸ ਜਬਿ ਦੇਸ ਏਸ ਸਾਵਤੇ ।  
ਅਟਕ ਦਰਯਾਉ ਤਟ ਛੋਈ ਨਾਮ ਗਾਮ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਪੋਠੋਹਾਰ ਦੇਸ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਸਮ ਅਮਰਾਵਤੈਂ ।  
ਸੰਮਤ ਅਠਾਰਾਂ ਸੋ ਛਿਪੰਜਾ ਮੈਂ ਬਾਲਕ ਸਿੰਘ, ਭਯੋ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਤਹਿੰ ਈਸ਼ ਅੰਸ਼ ਭਾਵਤੇ ।  
ਜਾਤਿ ਕਾ ਅਰੋੜਾ ਭਯੋ ਭਗਤ ਅਮੋੜਾ, ਨਾਮ ਜਪਯੋ ਨਾ ਥੋੜਾ ਛੋੜਾ ਵਿਸੇ ਰਸ ਯਾਵਤੈਂ ।੨।

And now I narrate how they came into being;  
the Sikh rule in this land was yet whole.

On the banks of the Attock, in the heavenly tract, Pathohar,  
there is a village called Chhoi.

In that village, in Samvat 1856, was born one Balak Singh, the very incarnation of God.

Arora by caste, an unshakable devotee, he was ever absorbed in God, discarding all worldly pleasures.

ਨਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਬਾਲਕ ਪੈ ਪਾਲਕ ਪਿਗੰਬਰੋਂ ਕੇ, ਅੰਬਰੋਂ ਕੇ ਮਾਲਕ ਅਡੰਬਰੋਂ ਕੇ ਤਯਾਗੀ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਤਾਲਕ ਰਖੈ ਹੈਂ ਏਕ ਖਾਲਕ ਸੈਂ ਸਾਲਕ ਸੋ, ਗਾਲਕ ਬਿਕਾਰਨ ਕੇ ਚਾਲਕ ਵਿਰਾਗੀ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਗੋਇ ਰਾਖੀ ਘਟ ਦੀਪ ਜਿਮ ਨਿਜ ਅਜਮਤ, ਸਜਮਤ ਭਗਤਿ ਵਿਰਕਤਿ ਅਦਾਗੀ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਕੀਰਤਨ ਕਥਾ ਸਤਸੰਗ, ਜਥਾ ਜੋਗ ਤਥਾ, ਰਾਖਤ ਥਾ, ਭਾਖਤ ਥਾ ਭਜਨ ਸਜਾਗੀ ਹੈ ।੩।

In name a child, he was the very patron of prophets,  
the master of heavens and the abjurer of all things gaudy.  
The only relation he recognised was that with the creator.  
Being one with God, he was the destroyer of evil.  
he led a life of renunciation.

Like a lamp burying within a pot, he did not display his  
greatness.

He was praised by all for his love of God.

he was an ascetic without blemish.

An awakened soul, he was, to the best possible extent, ever in  
the company of godly persons,  
reciting hymns, singing panegyrics and delivering discourses.

ਸੰਮਤ ਪਚਾਸੀਏ ਮੈਂ ਹਜਰੋ ਗਰਾਮ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਭਾਈ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਕੇ ਦੁਕਾਨ ਆਇ ਤਹਾਂ ਜੋ ਕਈ ।  
ਯਾਂਹਿ ਹੋਤ ਬਾਲਕ ਮ੍ਰਿਗੇਸ ਭੀ ਬਿਸੇਸ ਤਹਾਂ, ਆਇ ਕੈ ਨਿਵਾਸ ਕੀਨ ਕ੍ਰਿਤ ਕਰਿ ਕੈ ਖਈ ।  
ਤਾਂਹਿ ਕੇ ਪ੍ਰਤਾਪ ਕਰਿ ਹਜਰੋ ਅਮਾਪ ਵਰ, ਭਯੋ ਸਮ ਔਧ ਤਰ ਮੋਦਤਾ ਬਿਲੈ ਗਈ ।  
ਭਏ ਲੋਗ ਬਡਭਾਗੀ ਭਗਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਮਤਿ ਪਾਗੀ, ਸੰਤ ਸੰਗ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਜਾਗੀ ਸੰਤ ਸੇਵ ਹੂੰ ਠਈ ।੪।

In 1885 Bikrami, his elder brother moved to another village,  
hajro, and set up a shop.

Balak Singh followed, took residence there and earned his living  
by simple labour.

His fame spread, bringing immeasurable blessing to Hajro.

The village prospered into another Ajodhya.

Its adversity disappeared. Exceedingly fortunate were the village folk.

Ever absorbed in the love of God, they remained awake in the company of godly persons.

They dedicated their lives to the service of saintly persons.

ਬਾਲਕ ਮ੍ਰਿਗੇਸ ਤੈ ਵਿਸੇਸ ਉਪਦੇਸ ਨਾਮ, ਯਦੀ ਨਰ ਨਾਰੀ ਲੈ ਅਪਾਰੀ ਭਵ ਤੈ ਤਰੇ ।  
ਔਰ ਇਲਹਾਮ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਕਈ ਬਾਰ ਦਯੋ, ਨਾਮ ਦੈ ਉਧਾਰ ਕਰਿ ਜੀਵਨ ਕਾ ਤੂੰ ਖਰੇ ।  
ਐਧੇ ਗੁਰ ਦਸਮ ਦਰਸ ਦੈ ਜੋ ਕਹਯੋ ਤਾਂਹਿ, ਮੇਰੇ ਅਵਤਾਰ-ਅੰਸ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੈ ਭਰੇ ।  
ਯਾਂਹਿ ਹੇਤ ਤਾਂਹਿ, ਨਾਂਹਿ ਔਰ ਕਾਂਹਿ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਨਿਜ ਸ਼ਕਤਿ ਰਖਾਈ, ਗੁਰੁ ਵਾਕ ਦਿਢ ਥੇ ਧਰੇ ।

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The spiritual message that Balak Singh delivered was

of immense benefit to men and women.

It helped them swim across the Vast Sea of Existence.

And, the creator Himself had revealed His Word and Charged him

to spread It for the purification of human life.

Nevertheless, the tenth Master appeared in person and informed him : Ram Singh is my incarnation partaking of an element of mine.

I have, therefore, entrusted him, and none else, with my authority.

The Master's message was clear and firm.

ਸੋਈ ਨੇਤਿ ਫੁਰੀ ਆਇ ਸੰਮਤ ਬਹੱਤ੍ਰੇ ਮੈਂ, ਮਾਘ ਸੁਦੀ ਪੰਚਮੀ ਸਵੇਰੇ ਗੁਰੁ ਵਾਰ ਕੈ ।  
ਜ਼ਿਲੇ ਲੁਦਿਹਾਨੇ ਗਾਮ ਭੈਣੀ ਨਾਮ ਜਾਣੇ ਆਮ, ਅਵਤਰੇ ਸਿੰਘ-ਰਾਮ ਕਲਮਲੈਂ ਟਾਰ ਕੈ ।  
ਜਾਤਿ ਤਰਖਾਨ ਜੱਸੇ ਨਾਮ ਕੇ ਅਵੱਸੇ ਘਰਿ, ਸੱਦਾਂ ਮਾਤ ਸੈਂ ਪ੍ਰਕਾਸ਼ੇ ਨਾਮ ਪਰਚਾਰ ਕੈ ।  
ਬਾਲਕ ਹੀ ਪਨ ਸੈਂ ਥੇ ਈਸ਼ਵਰ ਕੋ ਮਨ ਸੈਂ ਥੇ, ਧਯਾਵਤੇ ਸ ਗਨ ਸੈਂ ਥੇ ਜਨੋ ਕੋ ਸੁਧਾਰ ਕੈ ।੬।



The inevitable occurred on Thursday morning,  
the fifth moon of Magha, 1872 Bikrami;  
very well known is the village Bhaini in Ludhiana district.  
On this village Ram Singh descended like a God,  
casting aside all the ills inhering the Iron age.  
Charged with spreading the Idea of Godhood, he,  
exuding effulgence, came to the childless household.  
His father, Jassa, a carpenter by caste and mother Sadan.  
Even while a child, his mind was replete with Devine presence.  
Dedicated to the uplift of mankind, he, along with playmates,  
was ever absorbed in Him.

ਬਡੇ ਥਾਇ ਜਾਇ ਕੈ ਲਹੌਰ ਪਲਟਨ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਠਾਨ ਲੀਨ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਪਛਾਨ ਕੈ ਸੁਕ੍ਰਿਤ ਹੈ ।  
ਬਾਨੀ ਗੁਰੂ ਕੀ ਪਵੈ ਹੈਂ ਭਜਨ ਕਰੈ ਹੈਂ, ਚੈਹੈਂ ਰਹਿਨੋ ਇਕੰਤ ਦੈਹੈਂ ਆਜਜ਼ੋਂ ਕੋ ਬਿੱਤ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਸੰਮਤ ਅਠਾਰਾਂ ਸੌ ਅਠਾਨਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਪਲਟਨ, ਗਈ ਥੀ ਸੋ ਹਜਰੋ ਮੈਂ, ਰਾਜ ਕਾਜ ਹਿਤ ਹੈ ।  
ਸੰਤਨ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਬੇ ਕਾ ਸ਼ੋਕ ਥਾ ਮਹਾਨ, ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਰਸਾਤੋ ਯਾਂ ਤੈ ਜਾਇ ਜਿਤ ਕਿਤ ਹੈ ।੨।

And, when grown-up he went to Lahore, entered service in the  
army,  
which he thought was a noble vocation.  
he would recite Gurbani, sing hymns,  
seek solitude and share his purse with the poor.  
In 1898 Bikrami, he, in his platoon went to hajro, on official  
duty.  
Saintly persons held a great attraction for Ram Singh.  
Whatever place he happened to visit, he would love to call on  
them.

ਬਾਲਕ ਮ੍ਰਿਗੋਸ ਕਾ ਬਿਸੇਸ ਜਸ ਸੁਨ ਸੋਊ, ਕੋਕਿਲ ਬਤਕ ਸੁਤ ਸਮ ਹੁਲਸਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਪੁਰਾ ਪੁੰਨਯ ਪੁੰਜ ਜਾਗਯੋ ਰੰਗਨ ਮੈਂ ਖੂਬ ਰਾਂਗਯੋ, ਬਡਭਾਗੀ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪਾਗਯੋ ਗਰੇ ਪਗ ਜਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਪੇਖ ਅਧਿਕਾਰੀ ਈਸ਼-ਅੰਸ਼ ਅਵਤਾਰੀ, ਤਬਿ ਬਾਲਕ ਮ੍ਰਿਗਾਰੀ ਦੀਓਂ ਨਾਮ ਮੁਦ ਥਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਸਾਰ ਚਾਰ ਬੇਦਨ ਕੋ ਭ੍ਰਮ ਭੇਦ ਛੇਦਨ ਕੋ, ਦਾਇ ਨਿਰਵੇਦਨ ਕੋ ਦੋਖ ਦੁਖ ਘਾਇ ਕੈ ।੮।

Balak Singh was held in high reverence.  
Like a cuckoo-fledgling brought up by a mother duck,  
Ram Singh listened to and joyfully absorbed the devine eulogies.  
The good deeds previously accumulated, bestirred themselves  
and helped him absorb all the spirtual hues.  
Blessed by fortune and saturated with love,  
he went all the way to touch his feet in submission.  
Balak Singh recognised God's element in him.  
satisfied that he was deserving and worthy to receive,  
he, of his own volition, offered him Nam.  
Nam, the quintessence of the four Vedas, eradicates confusion,  
instils non-involvement and destroys painful failings.

ਦੀਓ ਮੰਤ੍ਰ ਰਾਜ ਸ੍ਰੀ ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਕਾਜ ਸਾਜ, ਜਾਂਹਿ ਸਮ ਔਰ ਨਾ ਦਰਾਜ ਫਲ ਦਾਇਕੈ ।  
ਕੋਊ ਜੋ ਕਹਿਤ ਥੇ ਕਲਾਮ ਦੀਨੀ ਸੱਯਦਾਨੀ, ਸੋਊ ਸਭਿ ਕੂਰ ਹਮ ਪੇਖਯੋ ਅਜਮਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਏਹੀ ਕਲੀ ਕਾਲ ਕੀ ਕਰਾਲਤਾ ਕੁਚਾਲਤਾ ਕੋ, ਗਾਲਤਾ ਹੈ, ਟਾਲਤਾ ਚੁਰਾਸੀ ਜੋਨਿ ਮਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਏਸ ਹੀ ਭਜਨ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਸ-ਉਛਾਹਿ, ਲਾਈ ਲਿਵ ਅਧਕਾਹਿ ਰਸਨਾਂ ਹਲਾਇ ਕੈ ।੯।

Balak Singh implanted in him Waheguru,  
the supreme mantra that helps accomplish all the missions.  
None other is as extensively effective.  
There were some who would say that he had received the  
revealed word from a Sayyadani.  
Such an assertion was found wholly apocryphal,  
this I say on personal testimony. It is Waheguru.  
the mantra that annihilates the dangerous and the deceptive  
ways of Iron Age, brushes aside the Illusion and the Cycle of  
births.  
Ram Singh was eagerly drawn to it.  
He would recite it repeatedly and attentively.

ਕਾਰ ਬਾਰ ਜਗ ਕੇ ਅਸਾਰ ਲਖਿ ਡਾਰਿ ਸਭ, ਧਾਰ ਸੁ-ਅਚਾਰ ਔ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਵੀਚ ਰਹਿ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਮਸਤ ਸ਼ਰਾਬੀ ਜਯੋਂ ਰਹਾਬੀ ਬ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਏਕ ਰਸ, ਦਾਬੀ ਦਲਗੀਰੀ ਫਾਬੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਤੈ ਅਚਹਿ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਰੋਧ ਕਰਿ ਇੰਦ੍ਰੀ ਨਿਰੋਧ ਮਨ ਕੋ ਪ੍ਰਬੋਧ, ਸੋਧ ਸੁੱਧ ਠੌਰ ਨਦੀ ਸਰ ਤਟ ਬਹਿ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਜੀਹ ਨਾਮ ਜਪ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਤਨ ਤਾਯੋ ਤਪ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਮਨ ਮਹਿਬੂਬ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਖੂਬ ਰਾਖਯੋ ਗਹਿ ਹੈ ।੧੦।

He realised the utter futility of the world of affairs and left it alone.

He led a life of positive conduct and was ever absorbed in meditation.

he was like the one intoxicated

always in a state of undisturbed bliss.

Never downcast, he exuded joy and was free from desire.

his senses under control and the mind properly disciplined,

he would look up, for meditation, a clear place

beside a river or a pond.

The chant of the Nam was on his lips,

his body practised austerity,

and his mind was completely submerged in the Beloved.

ਬੀਸਕ ਬਰਸ ਜਬਿ ਸਰਸ ਬਿਤਾਏ ਐਸ, ਬੰਦਗੀ ਜੁਹਦ ਜਾਪ ਕੀਨੋ ਮਨ ਲਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਦਾਸੀ ਜੇਊ ਨਾਮ ਕੀ ਪ੍ਰਕਾਸ਼ੀ ਰਿਧਿ ਸਿਧਿ ਸੋਊ, ਭਾਸੀ ਬਾਣੀ ਮੈਂ ਤਸੀਰ ਭਜਨ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਇ ਕੈ ।  
ਭਈ ਤੋ ਅਕਾਸ਼ ਬਾਨੀ ਖਾਸ ਯੋਂ ਮਹਾਨੀ ਤਾਂਹਿ, ਦੇਹੁ ਨਾਮ ਜੀਵਨ ਕੋ ਸੀਖ ਭੋਗ ਦਾਇਕੈ ।  
ਪੰਥ ਗੁਰੁ ਦਸਮ ਕੀ ਰਸਮ ਬਢਾਵੋ ਜਗਿ, ਖਸਮ ਕਾ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਹੈ ਖਾਸ ਯੇ ਲਖਾਇ ਕੈ ।੧੧।

He spent nearly twenty years of beauty of

in single-minded devotion, austerity and meditation.

The Ridhi-Sidhi -- the treasures and the supernatural powers, were revealed to him as no more than the maid-servants of NAM.

Such was the impact of his practice of Nam,

that whatever he uttered proved true.  
The heavens themselves spoke to this great man  
charging him to spread Nam,  
the giver of enlightenment and the wherewithals of life.  
Spread the faith of the tenth Master among the people,  
and make them realise that the Khalsa is singularly God's own.

ਪਾਇ ਏਹ ਹੁਕਮ ਪ੍ਰਮੇਸ ਕਾ ਬਿਸੇਸ ਫਿਰ, ਰਾਮ ਮਿਰਗੇਸ ਉਪਦੇਸ ਦੈਨ ਲਾਗਿਓ ।  
ਹੁੱਕੇ ਛੁਡਵਾਏ ਰਖਵਾਏ ਕੇਸ ਮੋਨਯੋਂ ਕੇ , ਸੁਧਾ ਛਕਿ ਥਾਏ ਸਿੱਖ ਭਾਗ ਜਿਨੈ ਜਾਗਿਓ ।  
ਫੈਲਯੋ ਜਸ ਭਾਰੀ ਸਿੱਖ ਥੀਏ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਕੇ ਅਪਾਰੀ, ਸਿੰਘ ਪੰਥ ਬਿਰਧਾਇਓ ਨਾਮ ਰਸ ਪਾਗਿਓ ।  
ਫੀਮ ਭੰਗ ਪੋਸਤ ਸ਼ਰਾਬ ਮਾਸ ਚੋਰੀ ਜਾਰੀ, ਠੱਗੀ ਤਜਿ ਥੀਏ ਸੰਤ ਸਤਿਜੁਗ ਆ ਗਿਓ ।੧੨।

Charged with this spectacular mission,  
Ram Singh set about delivering discourses.  
He made people give up smoking and keep unshorn hair.  
Particularly fortunate were those who partook of the nectar  
and entered the Sikh fold.  
His fame spread apace. People in multitude became his  
disciples.  
Manifold grew the Khalsa. His disciples, soaked in the bliss of  
Nam,  
gave up opium, hashish, poppy, liquor and various other  
intoxicants.  
They would not eat meat. They would not steal.  
They foreswore adultery and deception.  
They practised saintiness. The Golden Age had returned.

ਕਰਤੋ ਦੁਕਾਨ ਲੋਹੇ ਕਪੜੇ ਕੀ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ, ਤਾਂ ਤੈ ਨਫਾਂ ਪਾਇ ਜੋਊ ਆਪ ਪੈਨੂੰ ਖਾਇ ਹੈ ।  
ਸੰਗਤ ਅਪਾਰ ਆਵੈ ਦੁਆਰ ਪੈ ਰਹਾਵੈ ਭੀਰ, ਪੂਜਾ ਜੋ ਚੜ੍ਹਾਵੈ, ਸੋ ਤੇ ਲੰਗਰ ਮੈਂ ਪਾਇ ਹੈ ।  
ਲੈਹੈ ਜੋਊ ਨਾਮ ਆਇ ਸੋਊ ਤੋ ਮਸਤ ਥਾਇ, ਦਸਤਾਰ ਡਾਰ ਦਾਇ ਹਾਲ ਚਢ ਜਾਇ ਹੈ ।  
ਦੇਤ ਭੇਤ ਨਾਂਹਿ ਕਾਂਹਿ ਕਬੀ ਦੂਸਰੇ ਕੋ ਵਾਹਿ, ਯਾਹਿ ਤੈ ਕਲਾਮ ਬਹੁ ਲੋਗ ਸੋ ਬਤਾਇ ਹੈਂ ।੧੩।

Ram Singh had set up a hardware and drapery shop, with income barely sufficient to provide him with food and clothing.

He was visited by throngs of disciples.

Huge were the gatherings at his doors.

Whatever offerings were made, all went to the free kitchen.

Those who received Nam from him, immediately went into ecstasy,

forgetful of their turbans flying off their heads.

They would divulge this secret of their soul to none other; because of it, most of the people called it Kalam.

ਦੇਸਨ ਮੈਂ ਧੂੰਮ ਮਾਚੀ ਸਾਚੀ ਇਮ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਤਬਿ, ਆਵੈਂ ਲੋਗ ਸਿੱਖ ਥਾਵੈਂ ਅਜਮਾਵੈਂ ਤੈਸ ਹੀ ।

ਮਾਲਵੇ ਦੁਆਬੇ ਮਾਝੇ ਪੋਠੋਹਾਰ ਤੈ ਅਪਾਰ, ਥੀਏ ਸਿੱਖ ਬੇਸ਼ੁਮਾਰ ਤੀਨ ਲਾਖ ਐਸ ਹੀ ।

ਸੂਬੇ ਕੀਨੇ ਬਾਈ ਤਿਨ ਅਕਬਰ ਸ਼ਾਹਿ ਨਿਆਈਂ, ਉਨ ਕੀ ਜੁਬਾਨ ਮੈਂ ਤਸੀਰ ਬਾਈ ਵੈਸ ਹੀ ।

ਨਰ ਨਾਰਿ ਸ਼ਬਦ ਅਪਾਰ ਪਵੈਂ ਗੁਰੂ ਕੇਰ, ਢੋਲਕੀ ਬਜਾਇ ਬਾਧਿ ਜੋਟੀਆਂ ਅਛੈ ਸਹੀ ।੧੪।

Thus his holy fame spread far and wide;

those who came to weigh, found him full and became his disciples.

He had a huge following of no less than three lacs of people from Malwa, Doaba, Majha and Pothohar.

Like Akbar, the emperor, he appointed twenty-two Governors known as Subas

and blessed them with speech as effective as his own.

Men and Women would form themselves into choirs,

play drums and melodiously chant the supreme Word of the Guru.

ਹਮਨ ਕਰੈਹੈਂ ਭੋਗ ਗੁੰਥ ਜੀ ਕੇ ਪੈਰੈਂ ਬਹੁ, ਸੰਗਤੋਂ ਕੇ ਕੱਠ ਥੈਹੈ ਰੈਹੈ ਰਚਨਾ ਲਗੀ ।

ਇਸ਼ਨਾਨ ਕਰਿ ਹੈਂ ਸਕੇਸ ਵੇਸ ਰਾਤ ਹੀ ਤੈ, ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਮ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਰਾਖੈਂ ਰਸਨਾ ਪਗੀ ।  
ਰਾਖ ਹੈਂ ਪੁਸ਼ਾਕ ਪਾਕ ਸ਼ੁਕਲ ਊਰਣ ਮਾਲ, ਕੱਛ ਕੜਾ ਕ੍ਰਦ ਮਰਦ ਨਾਰਿ ਸਭ ਜੇਤਗੀ ।  
ਬਿਨਾ ਨਾਮਧਾਰੀ, ਅੰਨ ਜਲ ਰੋਟੀ ਬੋਟੀ ਵਾਰੀ, ਸਾਂਝ ਰਾਖ ਹੈਂ ਨਾ ਕਾਹੂੰ ਸੰਗ ਜਗ ਮੈਂ ਸਗੀ  
।੧੫।

They would perform Havan and contiuously recite  
the Guru Granth, beginning to end, in large congregations.  
They would take a whole bath in small hours  
and engage in an unceasing chant of Waheguru.  
Men and Women, without exception,  
would be clad in a speckless, holy white.  
They would keep a woolen rosary and wear a Kachha (shorts),  
a Kara (Steel Bangle) and a Karad (small sword) as  
symbols.  
They would not accept food nor drink from,  
nor would they marry into a family, outside the fold,  
the nearest kin being no exception.

ਦੇਵ-ਥਾਨ ਤੀਰਥ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਸਾਧੁ ਬਿੱਪਰੋਂ ਕੋ, ਮਾਨ ਹੈਂ ਨ ਦਾਨ ਪੁੰਨ ਦੇਤ ਔਰ ਕੋ ਕਬੀ ।  
ਆਪਸ ਮੈਂ ਦੇਤ ਲੇਤ ਹੈਂ, ਸਹੇਤ ਸਾਕ ਨਾਤਾ, ਰਾਜ ਲੈਨ ਕੇਰੀ ਇੱਛਯਾ ਮਨ ਸਭਿ ਕੇ ਫਬੀ ।  
ਮਰਣੇ ਔ ਪਰਣੇ ਮੈਂ ਬਿੱਪਰੋਂ ਬੁਲਾਵੈਂ ਨਾਂਹਿ, ਆਨੰਦ ਪਛਾਵੈਂ ਰੀਤਿ ਗੁਰੁ ਘਰ ਕੀ ਲਭੀ ।  
ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੀ ਕੋ ਸਤਿਗੁਰੂ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਪੀਰ ਜਾਨੈ, ਜੋ ਬਖਾਨੈਂ ਵਹਿ ਸੋਊ ਮਾਨ ਹੈਂ ਸਭੀ ।੧੬।

They do not owe allegiance to the temples,  
the places of pilrimage , the Puranas, the Sadhus or the  
Brahmins.  
They attach no importance to giving away charties outside the  
fold.  
Charties and marital proposals are affectionately made and  
accepted within the fold.  
All of them fondly cherish the desire for political power.  
They do not invite Brahamins

to perform marriage ceremonies or death rites.  
They perform Anand – a ritual discovered by them  
conforming to the tradition of the House of the Gurus.  
They regard Ram Singh alone as their Satguru,  
the devine incarnation and the spiritual guide,  
His word is accepted, without demur, by all.

ਹੇਰਿ ਏਹੁ ਚਾਲ ਥੀਏ ਬਿਪ੍ਰ ਬਿਸਾਲ ਦੁਖੀ, ਨਿੰਦਯਾ ਉਚਾਰੈ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਤੁਰਕ ਅਪਾਰੇ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਕਾਰਨ ਦਰਸ ਗੁਰਦੁਆਰਨ ਸਿਧਾਰਨ ਜੋ, ਸ਼ਬਦ ਉਚਾਰਨ ਡਾਰਨ ਦਸਤਾਰੇ ਹੈ ।  
ਹੇਰ ਕੇ ਪੁਜਾਰੇ ਭਾਰੇ ਦੁਖੀ ਹੈ ਉਚਾਰੈ ਗਾਰੈ, ਸ਼ਰ੍ਹਾ ਮਨਵਾਹਿ, ਵਾਹਿ ਉਨ ਕੀ ਨਾ ਧਾਰੈ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਯੋਂਹੀ ਰੋਹੈ ਰੋਰਾ ਗੋਰਾ ਕੂਕਯੋਂ ਕਾ ਦੇਸਨ ਮੈਂ, ਬਾਢੇ ਅਤਿ ਭਾਰੇ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਤੁਰਕ ਤੈ ਨਿਆਰੇ ਹੈਂ  
।੧੭।

This way of life caused immense unhappiness to the Brahmins.  
The Hindus and the Muslims, in large numbers, mouthed  
denunciation.

Whenever they visited Gurdwaras,  
they would recite Sabads, throwing off their turbans in ecstasy.  
Such a sight caused resentment.

The Pujaris, hurling abuse, would like to thrust upon them (the  
Kukas)

their own notions, and not accept those of the Kukas.

The Kukas thus became the talk of the town.

They grew enormously in numbers and were distinguished  
from the Hindus as well as the Turks.

ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜਾਇ ਜਿਤ ਸਿੱਖ ਹੈਂ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਤਿਤ, ਭੇਟ ਦੈਰੈ ਪੀਨ ਧਨ ਦੀਨ ਬੋਲ ਬੈਨ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਦਮਦਮੇ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਮੁਕਤਸਰ ਮੇਲਯੋਂ ਪੈ, ਗਯੋ ਜਬਿ ਬਯੋ ਦਲ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਸੰਗ ਐਨ ਹੈ ।  
ਹੇਰ ਕੈ ਅਰੂਜ ਤੈ ਨਮੂਜ ਤਬਿ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਬਡ, ਹਾਕਮ ਪੁਜਾਰੀ ਭਾਰੀ ਥੀਏ ਬਿਨ ਚੈਨ ਹੈਂ ।

ਡਿਪਟੀ ਕਮਿਸ਼ਨਰ ਕੋਟਵਾਲ ਠਾਨੇਦਾਰ, ਰੈਹੈਂ ਪੇਸ਼ਵਾਈ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਕੇ ਸਸੈਨ ਹੈਂ ।੧੮।

Whichever place Ram Singh visited, thousands came into his fold.

They addressed him with deep humility and made handsome offerings in cash.

Whenever, on the occasion of a festival,

he visited Gurdwaras at Damdama sahib and Muktsar,

he was accompanied by a huge gathering of the Kukas.

The spectacle of the ascendancy and grandeur

achieved by Ram Singh made the administrators and the clerics lose much of their peace.

He was escorted by the Deputy Commissioner

and the City Chief of Police with his force in tow.

ਅਦਬ ਹਿਫਾਜ਼ਤ ਇਨਤਜ਼ਾਮ ਰਾਖੈਂ ਵਾਹਿ, ਲੋਗ ਨਿਜ ਨਿਜ ਮਨ ਭਾਏ ਬੋਲਬੋ ਕਰੈਂ ।  
ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਚਾਹਿ ਅਰਦਾਸ ਇਤਫਾਕ ਥਾਇ, ਬਢ ਹੈ ਪ੍ਰਤਾਪ ਪੰਥ ਰੀਤਿ ਏਸ ਸੋਂ ਭਰੈਂ ।  
ਪਰਸਾਦ ਭੇਟ ਲੈ ਕੈ ਗਯੋ ਜਬਿ ਗੁਰਦੁਆਰੇ, ਮਿਲ ਕੈ ਪੁਜਾਰੀਓਂ ਨੈ ਕਹਯੋ ਐਸ ਹੂੰ ਖਰੈਂ ।  
ਤਾਲ ਪੱਕਾ ਕਰਵਾਇ ਦੇਹੁ ਤਨਖਾਹਿ ਏਹੁ, ਦਸਤਾਰ ਉਤਰੈ ਨਾ ਹਾਲ ਕਿਸੀ ਕੋ ਚਰੈ ।੧੯।

They offered due respects and made proper arrangements for his security, The people around, in their wisdom, made all sorts of comment.

Ram Singh wished to offer prayers conducive to a spirit of unity.

He, by his conduct, wanted the prestige of the Panth to grow.

He went to the Gurdwara to offer prasad.

The clerics, in a body, confronted him with a clear injunction:

You shall build banks around the holy tank in concrete as payment of a religious fine.

Your followers shall not go into ecstasy

and their turbans must not fall off.



ਕਹਯੋ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਉਭੈ ਬਾਤ ਨਾਂਹਿ ਥਾਤ ਮੋ ਤੈ, ਦੈਂਹੁ ਤਨਖਾਹਿ ਕਿਛੁ ਜਥਾ ਜੋਗ ਜੇ ਰਹਯੋ ।  
ਹੁਤੋ ਗੁਰਦੁਆਰੇ ਤੰਬੂ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਕਾ ਜੋ ਮਹੰਤ ਮੰਗਲ-ਮ੍ਰਿਗੋਸ, ਤਾਂਹਿ ਪ੍ਰਖਬੇ ਕੋ ਯੋ ਫਰਯੋ ।  
ਧਾਰ ਹੈ ਨ ਕੂਕਾ ਕੋਊ ਕਬੀ ਨੀਲ ਰੰਗ ਅੰਗ, ਨੀਲਾ ਸਿਰੇਪਾਉ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਆਗੇ ਲਯਾ ਧਰਯੋ

।੨੦।

Ram Singh said both these injunctions  
were beyond his means to comply with.  
He was only too ready to make an offering within his capacity.  
Mahant mangal Singh of Gurdwara Tamboo Sahib hit upon a  
plan to test the genuineness of his offer.  
he was only too aware that no Kuka would ever wear a blue  
dress.  
He brought a blue robe of honour for Ram Singh.  
He respectfully accepted the robe,  
yet the clerics were not reconciled.

ਯਦੀ ਤਾਂਹਿ ਸੋਊ ਨਿਜ ਸੀਸ ਪਰ ਧਾਰ ਲੀਓ, ਤੋ ਭੀ ਨਾਂ ਪੁਜਾਰੀਓਂ ਨੈ ਇਤਫਾਕ ਹੈ ਕਰਯੋ ।  
ਐਸ ਹੀ ਅਨੰਦਪੁਰ ਗਯੋ ਜਬਿ ਰੋਰ ਰਹਯੋ, ਸੰਮਤ ਉਨੀ ਸੋ ਬਾਈ ਤੇਈ ਮਧ ਚੰਗ ਹੈ ।  
ਦੀਪ ਮਾਲ ਚੌਬੀ ਸਾਲ ਹੂੰ ਕੀ ਪਰ ਸੁਧਾਸਰ, ਆਯੋ ਹਾਕਮੋਂ ਨੈ ਕੀਨੀ ਖਾਤਰ ਸੁਰੰਗ ਹੈ ।  
ਉਤਰਯੋ ਬਹਿਰ ਚਾਟੀਵਿੰਡ ਦਰਵਾਜੇ ਹੂੰ ਤੈ, ਬੀਸਕ ਹਜਾਰ ਕੂਕਾ ਸਿੰਘ ਥਯੋ ਸੰਗਿ ਹੈ ।  
ਪਰਸ਼ਾਦ ਭੇਟ ਲੈ ਅਪਾਰ ਜਬਿ ਦਰਬਾਰ ਆਯੋ, ਤੋ ਪੁਜਾਰੀਓਂ ਨੈ ਕੀਨ ਯੋਂ ਕੁਢੰਗ ਹੈ ।੨੧।

There was a similar uproar at Anandpur in 1922-23 Bikrami.  
He was accorded a warm welcome by the Government officials  
When he visisted Amritsar during the Diwali festival in 1924  
Bikrami.  
He camped outside Chativind Gate  
with nearly twenty thousand Kukas in company.  
he went to the Golden Temple with abundant offering of Prasad;  
but again, the Pujaris (Clerics) acted malevolently.

ਕੋਈ ਤੋ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਹੀ ਰੁਪਯਾ ਰਿਸ਼ਵਤ ਮਾਂਗੈ, ਕੋਊ ਤਨਖਾਹਿ ਚਾਰ ਪਾਂਚ ਲਾਖ ਮੰਗ ਹੈ ।  
ਹੋਇ ਕੈ ਮਸਤ ਕੋਊ ਕੂਕਾ ਨ ਉਤਾਰੈ ਪਾਗ, ਸਿੱਖ ਨ ਕਹਾਵੈਂ ਤੇਰੇ, ਧਾਰੈਂ ਨੀਲ ਰੰਗ ਹੈ ।  
ਕਹਯੋ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਏਹੁ ਬਾਤ ਸਭਿ ਗੁਰੂ ਵਸ, ਸ਼ਕਤਿ ਨ ਮੋ ਮੈ ਏਤੀ ਫੇਰੋਂ ਮਨ ਢੰਗ ਹੈ ।  
ਤਨਖਾਹਿ ਆਹਿ ਮੋ ਮੈਂ ਚਤਰ ਬਿਧਾ ਜੇ ਕੋਊ, ਲੇਹੁ ਦੰਡ ਵਾਹਿ ਕਰਿ ਸਹੀ ਸੋ ਨਿਸੰਗ ਹੈ ।੨੨।

Some of them demanded thousands of rupees as bribe,  
while others insisted on imposition of a religious fine as big as  
four to five lakh of rupees.

There were some other conditions too:

No Kuka shall take off his turban while in ecstasy,  
nor shall he call himself your Sikh.

And, he shall wear a blue dress.

Replied Ram Singh: These conditions can be enforced by  
none but the Guru himself.

It is beyond me to change the very psyche of the people.  
You have only to prove that I have committed any one the  
Four Deadly Sins and I would pay  
for the religious fine without demur.

ਬੀਓ ਤਕਰਾਰ ਇਨ ਬਾਤਨ ਪੈ ਭਰਿ ਜਬਿ, ਬਢਤੀ ਨਿਹਾਰਿ ਰਾਹ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੂ ਤਬੈ ।  
ਗੁਰੂਦੁਆਰ ਆਗੇ ਬਿਰਿ ਆਪ ਹੀ ਅਰਦਾਸ ਕਰਿ, ਦੀਓ ਬ੍ਰਤਵਾਇ ਪਰਸਾਦ ਸਭਿ ਕੋ ਸਭੈ ।  
ਗਾਵਤੇ ਸ਼ਬਦ ਪ੍ਰਦੱਖਨਾ ਲੈ ਗਏ ਡੇਰੇ, ਐਸ ਹੀ ਨ੍ਰਿਮਲਯੋਂ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਕੀਨਿ ਇਨਿ ਹੈ ਅਬੈ ।  
ਪੰਥ ਦੂਧ ਮਾਂਹਿ ਕਾਂਜੀ ਡਾਰੀ ਹੈ ਪੁਜਾਰੀਓਂ ਨੈ, ਮੇਲ ਹੋਨ ਦੇਤ ਨ ਸ਼ਰੂਈ ਮੰਦ ਯੇ ਕਬੈ ।੨੩।

A lengthy wrangle ensued.

Realising that the situation could further aggravate,  
Ram Singh said his prayers in front of the Gurdwara  
and distributed Prasad.

Reciting hymns, all of them circumambulated the Gurdwara

and returned to their camps.

The Pujaris had behaved in a similar fashion towards Nirmalas. The meanly Pujaris, acting like kanji that splits milk, would oppose all attempts towards unity of the Panth.

ਯੱਦਪਿ ਪੁਜਾਰੀ ਥੇ ਬਿਰੋਧੀ ਇਨੈ ਕੇਰ ਥਏ, ਤੋਂ ਭੀ ਉਭੈ ਪੰਥ ਯੇ ਬਢਾਏ ਗੁਰ ਨੈ ਘਨੇ ।  
ਸੁਨੋ ਅਬਿ ਧਰਮ ਕੇ ਹੇਤ ਸਿਰ ਦੇ ਕੈ ਕੂਕੈ, ਧਰਮੀ ਸਹੀਦਨ ਮੈਂ ਗਏ ਜਿਮ ਹੈਂ ਗਨੇ ।  
ਸੰਮਤ ਉਨੀ ਸੋ ਬੀਸ ਤੀਸ ਕੇ ਵਖਤ ਮਧ, ਠੌਰ ਠੌਰ ਧੇਨੁ-ਬਧ ਹੋਨ ਲਾਗੇ ਥੇ ਘਨੇ ।  
ਦੇਖਿ ਦੇਖ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਸਭ ਹੋਹਿ ਦੁਖਯਾਰੇ ਭਾਰੇ, ਚਾਰਾ ਜੋਰ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਸੰਗ ਕੋਊ ਨਾ ਬਨੇ ।੨੪।

The Pujaris persisted in their hostility towards them.

Nevertheless, both the Kukas and the Nirmalas blessed by the Guru, flourished.

And now, listen,

how the Kukas sacrificed their lives in the cause of Dharma and found their place among the martyrs of faith.

In between the second and third decade of the (19th Century) Bikrami Samvat, cows came to be slaughtered in large numbers and at various places.

The Hindus felt miserable and helpless.

They were not powerful enough to seek remedy with the Government.

ਹਿੰਮਤ ਕਮਰ ਬਾਂਧਿ ਨਾਮਧਾਰੀ ਸਿੰਘੋਂ ਤਬਿ, ਬੁੱਚੜ ਬਿਦਾਰੇ ਹਤਯਾਰੇ ਬਹੁ ਠੌਰ ਪੈ ।  
ਸੁਧਾਸਰ ਆਦਿ ਠੌਰ ਔਰ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਨਾਮੀ ਗੁਰਮੀ, ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ੋਂ ਗਹਿ ਕੈ ਦੁਖਯਾਰੇ ਕੀਨੇ ਗੌਰ ਪੈ ।  
ਦੈਨ ਲਾਗੇ ਫਾਂਸੀ ਜਬਿ ਆਇ ਖੁਦ ਕੂਕੇ ਤਬਿ, ਕਾਤਲ ਸਬੂਤ ਆਪ ਥੀਏ ਸਭਿ ਤੌਰ ਪੈ ।  
ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਹੋਇ ਦਏ ਸੀਸ ਗਏ ਈਸ ਲੋਕ ਮਾਂਹਿ, ਕੋਟਲੇ-ਮਲੇਰ ਫੇਰ ਥਯੋ ਸਾਕਾ ਔਰ ਪੈ ।੨੫।

And, then the courageous Kukas were roused to action.

They put a number of slaughterous butchers to sword.

Prominent Hindus at Amritsar and various other places were

arrested and persecuted by the English Government.  
When they were about to be executed,  
the Kukas, on their own, came forward,  
led evidence to prove that they and none else,  
had dealt the deadly blow.  
Happily, they went to the gallows and,  
from thereon, to the land of God Himself.  
After that, there was yet another act of rare heroism at  
Malerkotla.

ਕੂਕੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਾਠਕੋਂ ਨੈ ਠਾਟ ਕੈ ਮਰਨ ਨਿਜ, ਮਾਰ ਕੈ ਕਸਾਈਆਂ ਕੋ ਗਾਈਆਂ ਬਚਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਕੋਟਲੇ ਕੀ ਤੁਰਕਾਨੀ ਤੈ ਪਠਾਨੀ ਫੌਜ ਸਭਿ, ਸਿੰਘਨ ਸੈਂ ਲਰੀ ਇਨੈ ਆਰ ਕੈ ਹਟਾਈਆਂ ।  
ਫੌਜ ਪਟਯਾਲੇ ਨੈ ਬਿਸਾਲੇ ਜਾਇ ਦਗੇ ਸੰਗ, ਕਸਮੈਂ ਉਠਾਇ ਲਯਾਇ ਦੀਏ ਪਕਰਾਈਆ ।  
ਉਡੇ ਸੋਊ ਤੋਪੋਂ ਆਗੇ ਅਨੁਰਾਗੇ ਸਬਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ, ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਹੋਇ ਬਡਭਾਗੇ ਧਰਮ ਹਿਤਾਈਆਂ ।੨੬।

They were about sixty Kukas who,  
having resolved to court certain death,  
dispatched the butchers and protected the cows,  
They were engaged by the the armed forces  
of the Muslim State of Malerkotla,  
but the Sikhs repulsed them.  
The Patiala troops practised subterfuge, took false oath,  
persuaded them to their point of view  
and finally got them arrested.  
Absorbed in the love of Sabad, they gladly offered themselves  
to be blown off by the cannon.  
They were they thought,  
exceedingly fortunate to die for their faith.

ਸਰਦਾਰ ਰਾਜੇ ਤੈ ਮੁਸਾਹਿਬ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਬਡੇ, ਅਚਰਜ ਥੀਏ ਹੋਰਿ ਕਾਰ ਤਿਨ ਕੋਰ ਪੈ ।  
ਦੋਸ਼ ਹੀਨ ਓਸ ਸਮੇਂ ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਕੋ , ਰੰਗੂਨ ਭੇਜ ਦੀਓ ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ੈਂ ਖੂਬ ਸੋਚ ਫੇਰ ਪੈ ।

ਔਰ ਹੁਤੇ ਸੂਬੇ ਜੇਈ ਕਹੂੰ ਭੇਜੇ ਤੇਈ, ਜੋਰ ਤੋਰ ਦੀਓ ਪੰਥ ਕੇ ਬਧੋਰ ਪੈ ।  
ਰਾਮ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੂ ਕੀ ਠੋਰ ਬੁੱਧ ਸਿੰਘ ਭਾਈ ਤਾਂਹਿ, ਅਬਿ ਹੈ ਮਹੰਤ ਕੰਤ ਕੂਕਯੋਂ ਕਾ ਹੋਰ ਪੈ ।੨੭।

The Kings and the Chiefs,  
and the Courtiers and the English officers were all  
awe-struck by this miracle of a deed.  
The English, after deep deliberation,  
deported Ram Singh, then found utterly free from blame, to  
Rangoon.  
The various Subas were scattered in different directions and  
the ascendancy of the Panth was sought to be curbed.  
In the absence of Ram Singh,  
his brother, Budh Singh,  
is now regarded as the Master and Leader of the Kukas

ਠਟਤ ਭਵਾਨੀ ਕੀ ਉਪਾਸ਼ਨਾ ਪਠਤ ਬਾਨੀ, ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਰਟਤ ਅਮੂਕੇ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਸ਼ੁਕਲ ਬਸਨ ਮਾਲਾ ਸੂਧੀ ਦਸਤਾਰ ਦਾਵੀ, ਕਰਿ ਹੈਂ ਹਮਨ ਪਾਠ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ-ਗੁਰੂ ਜੂ ਕੇ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਦਸਮੇਂ ਗੁਰੂ ਕੇ ਸਿੰਘ ਸਾਦਿਕ ਸਹੀ ਹੈਂ ਸਭਿ, ਲਾਲਸਾ ਲਲਾਮ ਰਾਜ ਲੈਬੇ ਕੀ ਅਚੂਕੇ ਹੈਂ ।  
ਹੇਰੇ ਜੈਸੇ ਲੱਖਣ ਹੈਂ ਟੇਰੇ ਤੈਸੇ ਗਯਾਨ ਸਿੰਘ, ਐਸੇ ਪਰਸਿੱਧ ਹੀ ਅਬਿਧ ਸਿੱਖ ਕੂਕੇ ਹੈਂ ।੨੮।

They worship Bhavani,  
recite bani and chant Waheguru over and over again.  
They are distinguished by their white dress, white woollen rosary,  
straight turban and flowing beard.  
They perform Havan, recite hymns from the Guru Granth.  
They are the true followers of Guru Gobind Singh,  
and cannot be diverted from their resolve to establish a  
Government of their own.  
Such are the impenetrable Kukas  
known for their worshipful ways.  
Gian Singh has narrated as he has witnessed them